Enter a ſeruingman.

Sir *Hu.* Fil me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruſ'd with an execution for my ſake, *Exit ſeruant*
Mr. A bruſe indeed makes many a mortall *for wine.*
Sore till the graue cure em

Enter with wine.

Hu. Sir I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome:
Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your ſake
I pledge you ſir, to the kind man in priſon.
Hu. Let it be ſoe?
Now Sir if you ſo pleaſe *Drink both.*
To ſpend but a fewe minuts in a walke
about my grounds below, my man heere ſhall attend
you. I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a
ſufficient auſwere, and therein my brother fully ſatiſ-
fied.

Mr. Good ſir in that, the Angells would be pleaſd,
And the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſaye
I ſet forth then vpon a lucky daie. *Exit.*

Hu. Oh thou confuſed man? thy pleaſant ſins haue
vndone thee thy damnation has beggerd thee? that
heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made wo-
men: giues our ſences waie to finde pleaſure, which
being found confounds vs, why ſhold we know thoſe
things ſo much miſuſe vs--oh would vertue had been
forbidden wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertu-
ous, for tis our bloude to loue what were forbidden,
had not drunkennes byn forbidden what man wold
haue